

NOVEMBER
1978



KSOR GUIDE to the arts

Whatever it is, it's flying



Ted Barr

KSOR GUIDE

to the arts

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Jeannie Linn

Those of you who have been following the GUIDE through the past few months may be aware that we have been making ambitious attempts. We have run some photographs, some artwork that is more than simple line drawing (which is not to denigrate line drawing). We have been taking more care with layout and design, and we have been relatively pleased.

Until we see the final product, that is. And then we start to feel as if we're wasting our time. Due to limitations imposed by our very slender budget, we have to get the GUIDE printed on a machine that isn't capable of doing a really excellent job. In addition to this, the GUIDE is only one of many, many jobs that the SOSOC duplicating services must print on short notice.

You can help change this unfortunate situation, however. The only obstacle to having a beautifully printed GUIDE every month (and for that matter the only obstacle to most things of a material nature) is money. A little would go a long way — sharp type, clear art and photos, clean lines can be yours for only pennies! If every person who receives a copy of the GUIDE would send us a quarter — the price of a lousy cup of coffee these days — we could have a nice looking magazine. Where else can you expect to see such tangible results for only a quarter a month?

Naturally, as with all "if everybody did it" situations, everybody won't. But if enough readers do, we could produce some results. Your contributions can be specifically earmarked for GUIDE printing — and they will be most gratefully put to use. What's more, donations are tax deductible. Give yourself a break, do us a favor, and see results. Simple!

— The Editor

From the Director's Desk

Recently the CBS Radio Network announced the scheduling of a new weekly series entitled the *Sears Radio Theatre*. It seems to me to be a significant development and worthy of comment. Now you may wonder why this series should concern a public radio broadcaster and you, the listeners to a non-commercial public station such as this one. Here's the catch.

In several columns I've written for the *Guide* and other outlets in recent years, I've mentioned the singularly important role I believe network radio should play in the radio broadcast industry. And I've also lamented the low estate into which it has fallen. The reasons for its decline are too complex to discuss in such a short column. But its effects, I would submit, have been to produce in most of commercial radio an irresistible pressure toward locally-produced low-overhead programming. Say what you will about traditional network programming (either on radio or television), there has never been any lack of financial support to assemble the most talented personnel to produce programming that is beyond the ability of most local stations. Generally, the networks adhere to the highest possible program standards. Hence, the broadcast term "network quality," meaning the highest professional standards.

In radio there hasn't been enough network programming in the past 15 years to warrant much attention by stations or listeners. And there certainly isn't enough programming to use networks as a qualitative standard.

And therefore, it was singularly important that CBS, in 1974, chose to launch the *CBS Radio Mystery Theatre*. CBS removed drama from its schedule in the early 1960's. And as recently as 1972 CBS network brass were adamantly opposed to experimenting with radio drama again. So when CBS launched a 7-day a week drama in 1974 there were many skeptics. The programs are professionally executed and, if in a somewhat different genre than *Earplay* on NPR, they have nonetheless found a loyal audience. The *Mystery Theatre* has

been fully sponsored for several seasons. And CBS obviously considers the program a smashing success.

So what about Sears? CBS tried a children's adventure drama series under the sponsorship of General Mills last winter and it wasn't a commercial success. But here comes CBS again with another year-long commitment to a new drama program. And this one holds much promise. CBS has signed some excellent writers for the series. Norman Corwin, for example, will write for the program. A radio writer of real stature, this is Corwin's first real return in twenty years to a medium he helped found. If the others to be associated with the series are of Corwin's calibre, the Sears series may be a more notable event in the development of radio network offerings than was the Mystery Theatre.

I believe radio is a tremendously vital medium and one with unexplored potential for creatively contributing to contemporary culture. But for such exploration to be effective it must jointly be essayed by both public and commercial broadcasters alike. And so I applaud not only CBS' original commitment to the Mystery Theatre but its ongoing program of redeveloping in radio a truly creative component. With the emerging satellite technologies that will enable all the radio networks to effectively produce and deliver high-quality stereo programming of a widely diversified nature to carefully tailored groups of affiliated stations, it is important that the networks reassert and renew their exploration into the ways this programming potential can best be utilized.

And therefore this writer believes CBS is to be congratulated for setting an important and noteworthy example for the commercial radio industry.

Hopefully, it is another important step to re-developing effective national radio program service to supplement the now-dominant offerings of local stations.

Ronald Kramer
Director of Broadcast Activities



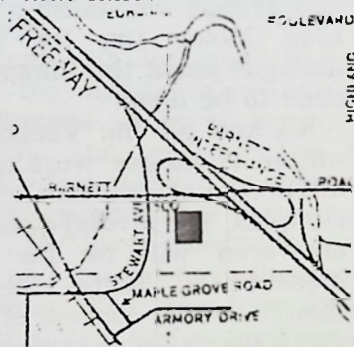
A Precarious Vision

Will red tape and poverty
kill the Vision '80 performing arts center?

BY JOHN DOWLING

For roughly ten years, the dream of building a civic center at the south Medford interchange has been on many people's minds. With the planning of Vision 80, it appears the dream is well on its way toward reality.

About two years ago a blue ribbon committee, made up of representatives from the city of Medford, Jackson County, the Arts Council and the Chamber of Commerce, began studying the possibilities for the use of the fifty acres of land at the south Medford interchange. According to John Evey, one of the nine members of the Vision 1980 committee, out of those meetings came the idea to build a cultural and convention center on that land.



Medford

committee also was anticipating applying to the National Endowment for the Arts for a planning grant. At the time of this writing, the planning grant request (for 20,000-22,000 dollars) has been submitted and the committee is waiting for a response from the National Endowment for the Arts.

As with all dreams, there are obstacles. The two major obstacles that exist at the present time are: General Services Administration (GSA) ownership of part of the acreage at the south Medford interchange; and the very real problem concerning the up-coming November balloting on "Measure Number 6." The first part of the question concerning land use appears headed for a compromise.

Jackson County officials have been seeking a way to force GSA's motor pool and other related facilities off the land at the south interchange. The difficulty blocking this move is that the GSA states that federal law inhibits them from turning over any land to the county unless they (GSA) are provided with facilities of equivalent value at some other location.

There appear to be a number of

Since the beginning there have been high hopes for the project. The initial stages of planning began in February, 1978. At that time Isabel Sickels, Jackson County commissioner, said the committee was envisioning a 53,000 square-foot convention center building and a 45,750 square-foot auditorium which would seat 2,400. At that time the cost was estimated to be in the neighborhood of 8.5 million dollars. The Vision 80 ways out of this dilemma. A possible land exchange between the county and the GSA would allow the GSA facilities to be moved to another location and the county to take over the existing federal land at the interchange. Another possibility is outright cash payment for the land. Yet a third is to have the land declared by the "Heritage Program" as surplus, which would allow an exchange of land between the county and the GSA. The "Heritage Program" would make it possible for the county to give the GSA a piece of land not as valuable as the land that GSA would be vacating. The county would then have to only deal with monetary aspects of building new motor pool facilities on GSA's new properties. The Vision 80 committee is hoping for a resolution of this question in the near future.

The voting in November on Measure 6 will be crucial to the Vision 80 dream. If the measure passes, the possibility of using traditional sources (bond issue, or levies) for raising revenues will be threatened, to put it mildly. In an article in the Mail Tribune, Lou Hannum, the city's representative on the Vision 80 committee, was

quoted as saying that financing for Vision 80 is "one of the easiest things to talk about, but one of the hardest to put together." Hannum went on to point out the different possibilities for funding:

- Earnings from commercial leases. Once sites for private commercial uses at the project are identified, they will be marketed for lease and the proceeds applied to the public facilities there.

- Private fund-raising efforts in the community.

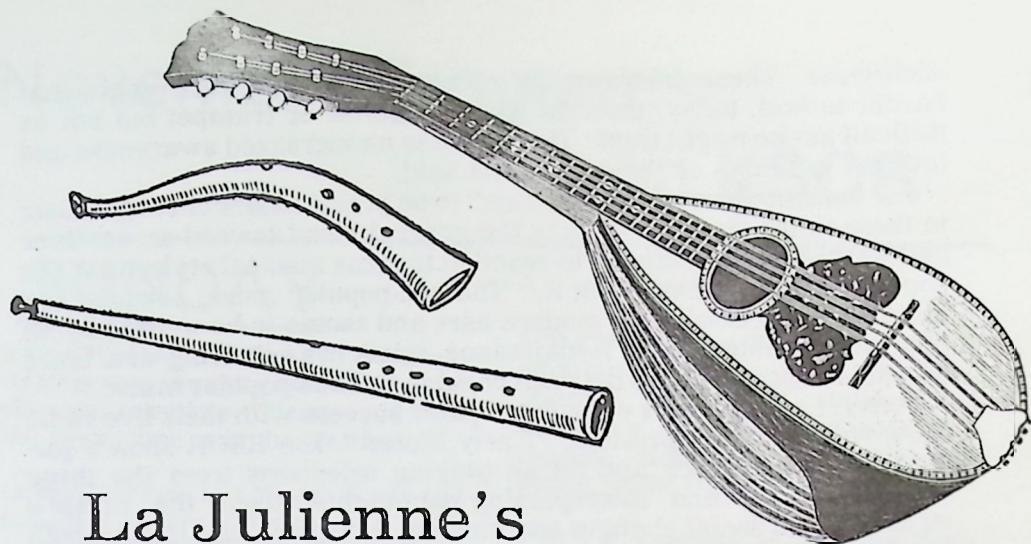
- Federal capital assistance from various grant programs.

- And of course local government revenues through such mechanisms as bond issues or serial levies approved by the voters.

Even with these concerns, the Vision 80 committee is moving ahead with the planning.

In August about two dozen architects, planners and economists arrived in Medford for a meeting to discuss the possible design and construction of the cultural center. A four-member group from the Vision 80 committee gave the consultants a tour of the proposed building site. Later that day the two groups convened at the Red Lion Motor Inn for a candid dialogue about the things that still need to be done.

All and all the Vision 80 committee continues working toward the dream of a cultural-convention complex. The pivotal question to be answered will be the vote on measure "6." If the vote is "yes" then the whole concept of Vision 80 will have to be re-evaluated.



La Julienne's

BY JAMES OTEY

Early Music

Medieval and Renaissance Music Live on KSOR

Todd Barton, Sarah Mead and Mack Ramsey are the latest link in a long chain of musicians that stretches centuries into the past. Together they form "La Julienne", a group dedicated to performing and expanding the popularity of "Early Music" — the music of the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods.

"Early music" derives from a time when almost everyone sang or played instruments for the fun of it and the music still contains that feeling. The Medieval period can be typified as music with a single melody usually derived from sacred chants such as the Gregorian. The Renaissance saw the addition of polyphony and the ideal of homogenous sound, while the Baroque period embellished this with ornamentation filling every space, creating the flow of constant movement.

Although "La Julienne" has officially been a group for only five months, they are by no means new to the music. Todd and Sarah both have degrees in early music and excel on their respective instruments: the recorder and the viola de gamba. Mack is accomplished on many instruments, both modern and early. Aside from the more recognizable instruments such as the french horn, lute, recorder and three-holed pipe, he is also proficient on the krummhorn, shawm and rackett from the oboe family; the sacbut from the trombone family; the gittern from the guitar family, and others. It could be said figuratively and almost literally that Mack is a true "Renaissance man."

Most of the early music and instruments were gradually rejected because their lack of volume didn't suit the upcoming trend of large

orchestras. These instruments, strings and music are somewhat harder to find, today, than the average guitar or trumpet but not as difficult as one might think. This is due to an increased awareness and interest in things of the past, Todd said.

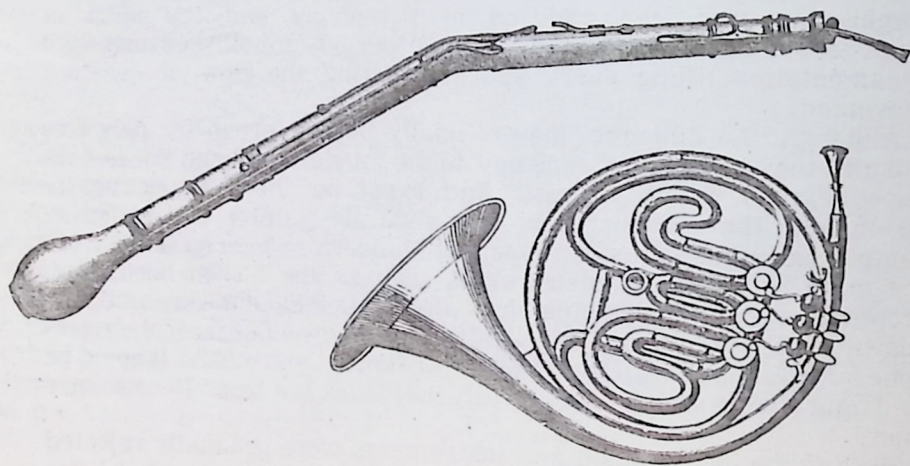
For the members of "La Julienne" to be practitioners of early music in these times possibly reflects the general trend toward an earthier and warmer style of music, in reaction to some musical styles that are popular today. As Sarah put it, "The non-popular music nowadays is often very inaccessible to modern ears and seems to be written by an elite, for an elite. In the Renaissance, music was thriving and there was not much difference between popular and non-popular music."

Today, La Julienne is enjoying popular success with their live radio show entitled, appropriately, "Early Music." The KSOR show's format has Todd, Mack and Sarah playing selections from the three earlier periods and interspersing comments about the music's structure and social changes surrounding it. This results in a smooth blend of beautiful music and a heightened knowledge of the music and times. As Todd added, "Because of breakthroughs in communications, I think this century, more than any other, has the opportunity to look at the past. I think everyone in this century is aware of that and is excited by that fact."

To augment their performance on the show, they will often add some "outside" performers such as Dave and Sue Marsden, who sang duets for the show entitled "Vocal Duets of the Renaissance," or another lute player for "Lute Duets of the Renaissance."

When asked about the future of "La Julienne," Sarah remarked, "The ideal thing for me would be teaching early music at some college and be touring on our vacations." Or, as Todd put it, "Total immersion in all aspects of the music".

For a sample of "La Julienne's" labor of love, listen to Early Music Live at 10:30, Saturday morning on KSOR, 90.1 FM.



November Programs

on KSOR

SUNDAY

8:00 AM **Ante-Meridian** - A program mixing easy morning jazz and light classical selections, interspersed with the news, time, and the weather.

10:00 AM **Words and Music** - Early and baroque music interspersed with poetry and dramatic readings.

11:30 AM **BBC Science Magazine**

12:00 N **Folk Festival, U.S.A.**

2:00 PM **Studs Terkel**

3:00 PM **Sunday Supplement** - An in-depth look at various arts: ethnic music, poetry, concert music, prose, humor, etc.

11-5 **How to speak Hip** - Stan Freeberg

11-12 **An Indian Thanksgiving**

11-19 **Gamelan - Classical Music of Indonesia**

11-26 **Of Caves and Cavemen** - John Hawley Cook

4:00 PM **Siskiyou Music Hall**

11-5 **MOZART: Concerto No. 27 in B-flat for Piano & Orchestra**, Robert Casadesu

11-12 **RAVEL: La Valse**

11-19 **BRAHMS: Sonata No. 3 in D minor for Violin and Piano, Op. 108**; Isaac Stern, violin

11-26 **SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 4 in**

A minor, Op. 63

6:30 PM **Voices in the Wind** - A weekly omnibus magazine of the arts. Material from NPR stations and freelance producers across the country. Hosted by musician and author Oscar Brand.

7:30 PM **Concerts of the New York Philharmonic**

11-5 **BEETHOVEN: Leonore Overture No. 3**

BARBER: Third Essay, Op. 47 (World Premier)

MAHLER: Symphony No. 1
Zubin Mehta, conductor.

11-12 **WAGNER: Overture to Rienzi**
PROKOFIEV: Excerpts from Romeo and Juliet

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 5
Zubin Mehta, conductor; Rudolf Serkin, pianist.

11-19 **WEBER: Six Pieces**
BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 3
VARESE: Integrales

RAVEL: La Valse
Zubin Mehta, conductor; Yefim Bronfman, pianist.

11-26 **KAY: Markings**
BRAHMS: Double Concerto
SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 2
LISZT: Mazeppa
Zubin Mehta, conductor; Rodney Friend, violinist; Lorne Munroe, cellist.

9:30 PM **Jazz Revisited**

10:00 PM **Jazz Continued**

10:30 PM **Weekend Jazz**

MONDAY

8:00 AM Ante-Meridian

9:15 AM ABC News

9:45 AM European Review

10:00 AM First Concert

11-6 SCARLATTI: Sonatas in E-flat, D and D minor, Anthony di Bonaventura, piano.

11-13 BRAHMS: Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103, Christa Ludwig, mezzo soprano.

11-20 BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7 in A, Op. 92

1-27 BRAHMS: Sonata No. 1 in E minor, Op. 38 for cello, Gregor Piatogorsky

12:15 PM KSOR Midday News, ABC News, In the Public Interest, Air Quality Report

3:00 PM Palestrina to Verdi

4:00 PM People and Ideas

4:30 PM Chatter Box - Children's stories and music

5:00 PM 11-6, 11-20, 11-27 Jazz Revisited Repeat of Sunday

11-13 For the Love of Sesame by Ruth Wire. A novel in three parts for a young audience. Part 1.

5:30 PM 11-6, 11-20, 11-27 Jazz Continued Repeat of Sunday

11-13 For the Love of Sesame (continued)

6:00 PM KSOR Information Service

6:15 PM ABC News

6:10 PM Siskiyou Music Hall

11-6 BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 1 in C, Op. 21

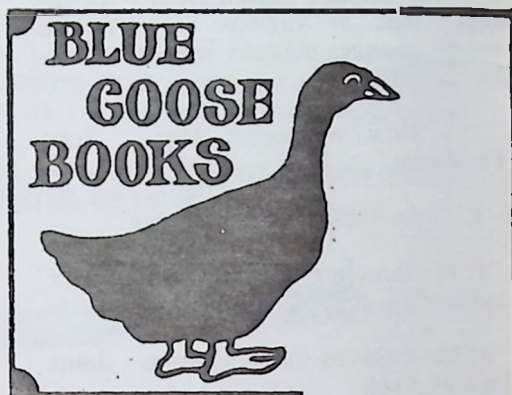
11-13 SCHOENBERG: Two Songs; Donald Graham, bass-baritone

11-20 MOZART: Symphony in G, K. 45

11-27 MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 1

9:15 PM Talk Story - Repeat of Wednesday

9:45 PM FM Rock



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TUESDAY

8:00 Am Ante-Meridian

9:15 AM ABC News

9:45 AM 900 Seconds

10:00 AM First Concert

11-7 BACH: Harpsichord Concerto No. 3 in D

11-14 MUSIC OF THE LATE 14TH CENTURY: Early Music Consort of London

11-21 IVES: Symphony No. 4

11-28 VIVALDI: Magnificat

12:15 PM KSOR Midday News, ABC News, In the Public Interest, Air Quality Report

3:00 PM Kent in Concert - Weekly concerts from Kent State University.

4:00 PM Options

5:00 PM 11-7, 11-21, 11-28 Vintage Radio

11-14 For the Love of Sesame by Ruth Wire. A novel in three parts for a young audience. Part 2.

5:30 PM 11-7, 11-21, 11-28 Canadian Theater

11-14 For the Love of Sesame (continued)

6:00 PM KSOR Information Service

6:15 PM ABC News

6:19 PM Siskiyou Music Hall

11-7 HOVANESS: Mysterious Mountain

11-14 ELIZABETHAN CONZONETTES & VIRGINAL MUSIC

11-21 PROKOFIEV: Symphony No. 3 in C minor


8:00 PM Live Jazz Recital in Stereo

11-28 PURCELL: Funeral Music for Queen Mary

9:15 PM BBC Science Magazine

9:45 PM FM Rock

10:00 PM Rock Preview - Courtesy of Sister Ray Records, Medford



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WEDNESDAY

8:00 AM Ante-Meridian

9:15 AM ABC News

9:45 AM Transatlantic Profile

10:00 AM First Concert

11-1 BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1

11-8 STRAUSS, R: Violin Concerto in D minor, Op. 8

11-15 STRAVINSKY: Rite of Spring

11-22 BACH: Trio Sonata No. 6 in G for Harpsichord; Anthony Newman, harpsichord

11-29 VILLA LOBOS: Bachianas Brasilieras No. 5; Anna Moffo, soprano

12:15 PM KSOR Midday News, ABC News, In the Public Interest, Air Quality Report

3:00 PM Early Music Live - Repeat of Saturday

3:30 PM Franz Schubert - A Portrait of His Life

11-1 Early Years of a Musical Prodigy

11-8 The Awakening of Genius

11-15 Years of Achievement

11-2 The Schubertians

11-29 Triumph and Disaster

4:00 PM Talk Story

4:30 PM 11-8, 11-2, 11-29 Special of the Week

11-15 For the Love of Sesame by Ruth Wire. A novel in three parts for a young audience. Part 3.

5:30 PM 900 Seconds - Repeat of Tuesday

5:45 PM Beyond Personal Limits - Repeat of Thursday

6:00 PM KSOR Information Service

6:15 PM ABC News

6:19 PM Siskiyou Music Hall

11-1 BACH: Cantata No. 68

11-8 BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 5 in E flat, Op. 73; Rudolf Serkin, piano

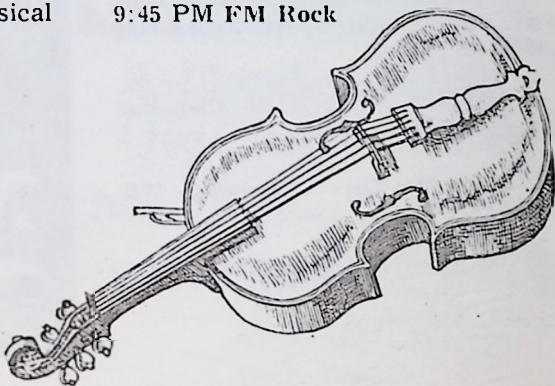
11-15 SCARLATTI: Sonatas in A minor, A, D minor & D for guitar, John Williams, guitar

11-22 BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4 in E flat (Romantic)

11-29 TCHAIKOWSKI: Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor, Op. 23, Eugene Istomin, piano

9:15 PM Vintage Radio

9:45 PM FM Rock



THURSDAY

8:00 AM Ante-Meridian

9:15 AM ABC News

9:45 AM Beyond Personal Limits

10:00 AM Dolby Tone (30 seconds)

10:01 AM First Concert

11-2 CORELLI: Concerto Grosso in G minor, Opus 6, No. 8

11:9 COUPERIN: Second Book of Pieces for Clavecin

11-16 SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 4 in C minor

11-23 COPLAND: Piano Variations, Aaron Copland, piano

11-30 MENDELSSOHN: Concerto in A flat for Two Pianos and Orchestra, Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, pianos

12:15 PM KSOR Midday News, ABC News, In The Public Interest, Air Quality Report

3:00 PM Baldwin Wallace Concerts

4:00 PM Focus - A public affairs program

4:30 PM Mbari Mbayu

5:30 PM Concert Soviet

6:00 PM KSOR Information Service

6:15 PM ABC News

6:19 Siskiyou Music Hall

11-2 MAHLER: Symphony No. 4 in G
11-9 SCHUBERT: Four Songs, Lois Marshall, soprano

11-16 LISZT: Sonata in B minor, Lazar Berman, piano

11-23 VERDI: Arias from Otello, Leontyne Price, soprano

11-30 VIVALDI: Concerto in A minor for Piano and Orchestra; A & W Battagliola, trumpets

8:00 PM Wind Ensemble Live in Stereo

9:15 PM Across the Atlantic

10:00 PM FM Rock

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FRIDAY

8:00 AM Ante-Meridian

9:15 AM ABC News

9:45 AM PBC Science Report

10:00 AM First Concert

11-3 BRAHMS: German Requiem

11-10 VAUGHN-WILLIAMS: Symphony No. 4 in F minor

11-17 SCHUBERT: Die Winterreise, D. 911, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone

11-24 BRUCKNER: Mass in F minor

12:15 PM KSOR Midday News, ABC News, In the Public Interest, Air Quality Report

3:00 PM Keyboard Immortals

4:00 PM Folk Festival U.S.A. - Repeat of Sunday program

6:00 PM KSOR Information Service

6:15 PM ABC News

6:10 PM Siskiyou Music Hall

11-3 HAYDN: Symphony No. 94

11-10 IVES: Symphony No. 1 in D minor

11-17 BARTOK: Concerto for Orchestra

11-24 SCHUMANN: Concerto in A minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 54

8:00 PM Chicago Symphony

11-3 WILLARD ELLIOT: The Snake Charmer

GLAZOUNOV: Violin Concerto in A minor, Op. 82

BERIO: Sinfonia

Richard Graef, alto flute; Miriam Fried, violin; Henry Mazer, conductor.

11-10 BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 5 in E flat, Op. 73 (Emperor)

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 in E flat, Op. 55 (Eroica)

Claudio Arrau, piano; Carlo Maria Giulini, conductor.

11-17 TIPPETT: Symphony No. 4 in One Movement

TCHAIKOWSKY: Symphony No. 6 in B minor, Op. 74 (Pathétique)

Sir George Solti, conductor.

11-24 SCHUBERT: Two entr'actes from Incidental Music to Von Chezy's Rosamunde, D. 797, (Op. 26).

MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 19 in F major, K. 459

TCHAIKOWSKY: Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64

Rdolph Serkin, piano; Claudio Abbado, conductor.

10:00 PM Jazz Album Preview Courtesy of Rare Earth, Ashland

10:40 PM Jazz



Jeannie Linn

SATURDAY

8:00 AM Ante-Meridian

10:00 AM Dolby Tone (30 seconds)

10:01 AM In The Bookstall Selected reading from English literature.

10:30 AM Early Music Live. Discussion and performance of early music. Broadcast live from the KSOR studios by La Julienne.

11:00 AM Saturday Morning Opera

11-4 MACBETH; Verdi. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Nicolai Ghiaurov, Elena Souliotis, Luciano Pavarotti, the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lamberto Gardelli.

11-11 EUGENE ONEGIN; Tchaikowsky. Galina Vishnevskaya, Yuri Mazurok, Vladimir Atlantov, Tatiana Tugarinova, Tarmara Sinyavskaya, Larissa Avdeyeva, Alexander Ognivtsev, Mstislav Rostropovich - conductor.

11-18 DER ROSENKAVALIER; Strauss. R. Christa Ludwig, Gwyneth, Walter Berry, Lucia Popp, Plácido Domingo, The Vienna Philharmonic. Chorus of the Vienna, Leonard Bernstein - conductor.

11-25 THE DAMNATION OF FAUST; Berlioz. Janet Baker, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, Pierre Thau, the Chorus De L'Opera and the Opera De Paris, Georges Pretre - conductor.

2:00 PM Options

3:00 PM Music Hall Debut - An album new to KSOR's library preview.

4:00 PM Siskiyou Music Hall

11-4 BACH: The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book 2, Nos. 21-24, Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord

11-11 TCHAIKOWSKY: Concerto in D for Violin & Orch.

11-18 SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 1 in B-flat, Op. 38

11-25 BRAHMS: Concerto in K for Violin and Orch.

7:00 PM Earplay

11-4 The Midnight Mocker by Leo Goldman. A late-night disc jockey and a morning talk show host battle it out in this drama of cynicism versus optimism.

11-11 Scat Melisma by Kirk Nurock. A sound oratorio combining interesting instrumental colors with human voices creating "natural sounds."

11-18 Haywire at Humbleford Flag by Ken Whitmore. A small English town goes haywire when a proper Eton schoolmaster arrives to take up teaching duties in this BBC production.

11-25 The Grappling Court by David Kranes. While a basketball game rumbles overhead, three students, two boys and a girl, play out a primitive battle in the pitch darkness of the college gymnasium.

8:00 PM Cookie Jar - A potpourri of absurdity and information.

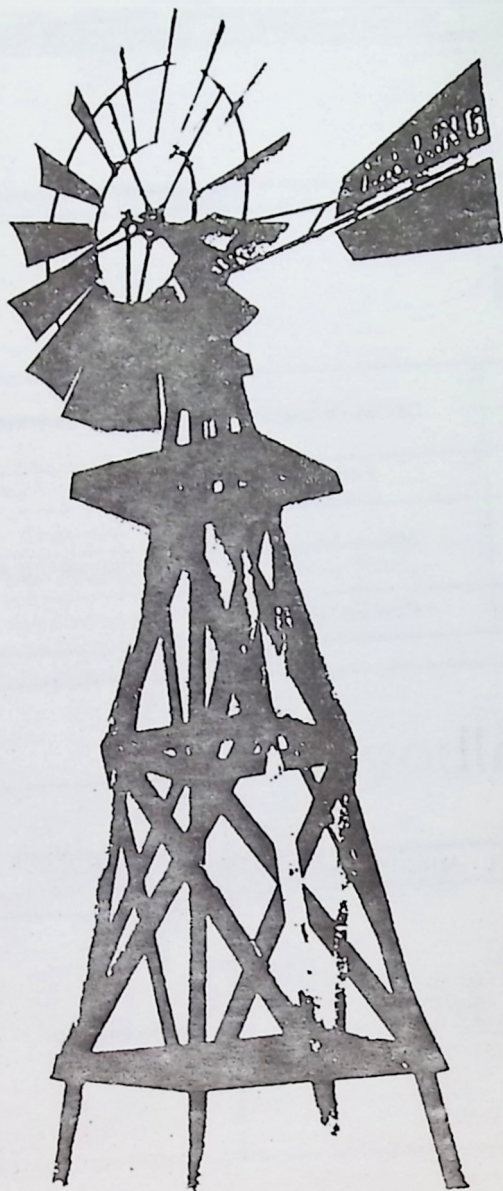
9:00 PM Live from the Vintage Inn - KSOR broadcasts live performances of local artists.

10:00 PM Lithia Springs Special - A program of folk and contemporary music and comedy.

12:00 M Weekend Jazz

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
8	Ante			
10	Words & Music	European Review	900 Seconds	Transatlantic
12		KSOR		
	BBC Science Magazine	Con		
	Folk Festival U.S.A.			
2	Studs Terkel			
4	Sunday Supplement	Palestrina To Verdi	Kent In Concert	Early
	Siskiyou Music Hall	People And Ideas	Options	Franz S
		Chatterbox		Talk
		Jazz Revisited	Vintage Radio	Special Of
		Jazz Continued	Canadian Theater	900 Sec
6		KSOR		
	Voices In The Wind	Siskiyou Music		
8	New York Philharmonic			
	Jazz Revisited	Talk Story	BBC Science Magazine	Vintage
10	Jazz Continued	FM Rock		
12	Weekend Jazz			

Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday		
Meridian				8	
Profile	Beyond Personal Limits	BBC Science Magazine	In The Bookstall	10	
st			Early Music Live		
			KSOR Saturday Morning Opera	12	
				Options	2
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cert					
Music	Baldwin-Wallace	Keyboard Immortals	Music Hall Debut		
Hubert	Focus	Folk Festival U.S.A.	Siskiyou Music Hall	4	
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Otey

Solstice

BY JOHN STAFFORD

An Interior Story

Don't your feet get cold in the wintertime?
The sky won't snow and the sun won't shine;
It's hard to tell the nighttime from the day.
You're losing all your highs and lows, ain't
it funny how the feeling goes away, Desperado?
— Eagles, Desperado

His right arm was stiff where it had lain outside the bag. Flexing a fist to restore circulation to it, he withdrew further into the oceanic warmth of the down and closed his eyes.

The stillness was deceptive. It was too quiet for sleeping, the kind of silence that oppressed one; he lay there listening for the hint of a sound so intently that the noise of blood coursing through his ears was deafening. Outside, the quiet was tangible; the creek that meandered across his hillside was now slowed to an inaudible trickle. The weeds and wildflowers stood brown and desicated. The birds had left as the sunlight weakened and the seeds and berries disappeared from the trees and bushes. The hum of the insects, too, had vanished as the world waited to accept its own persuasive invitation to sleep.

Awake. The canvas was darker — wet, he knew. All the better reason to get up now. Squirming from the haven of the bag, he crouched before the low, oval entrance of his home and stopped, sniffing the wetness intently. The grass still held its thin, crystalline coat of frost, wisps of low cloud obscured the far side of the valley. Barely dawn.

Hesitation in his regimen was deadly, and he emerged quickly and walked barefoot and naked to the washstand. It was a crude affair of scrap lumber and aspen branches; the bowl showed rusty through the chips in the porcelain glaze. A barely visible film of ice lay upon the water. He dipped his cupped hand and drank; then, with the swift and unhesitating immediacy of a Zen master he grasped the sides of the bowl, lifted it high above his head and overturned it.

Tiny shards of ice clung to his hair. His naked body turned purple and convulsed involuntarily. Gooseflesh enveloped him; the air was forced from his lungs.

There were still many things over which he had not yet achieved control.

Running his fingers through his bears and the choppy short thicket of hair, cut by himself without aid of a mirror, he tried to halt the shivering. Refraining from a curse, he turned slowly and surveyed his domain, replacing the bowl carefully on its pedestal. Looking up, he saw clouds still veiling the peaks and high crags of the San Juans. There might even be snow up there, he mused. "Your will, not mine," he said to himself, pushing the thought away. Wraithlike, the wisps of moisture clung as a mist to the trees and leafless bushes higher up the hillside, hovering and impenetrable, muting the colors at their edges. Even at his own elevation the aspens had forsaken their gaudy display; what few leaves remained attached were dulled to the same bland yellow composing the carpet beneath his feet.

The wood pile, gradually built up over the summer months, looked by turns shabbily inadequate and exaggerated to the point of paranoia.

The swiftly approaching dormancy would have to be accommodated by certain adjustments in his routine, and the sudden sharpness in the air could only be meant as a reminder. He would need to take his horse down into the valley soon to be boarded for the winter; he could hardly expect the animal to suffer the deep snows with him. A snowshoe needed restringing, his boots needed grease. The wood pile, gradually built up over the summer months, looked by turns shabbily inadequate and exaggerated to the point of paranoia. He had never wintered alone in the high country; he was unsure. On days of extreme unsurety and neurotic speculation, he chopped more wood. The morning was eerie, but he felt calm and energetic. Today he would patch canvas and inventory his food supply.

As his body continued to dry, he watched his horse, tethered downhill and drinking from the creek. In a ritual morning greeting, he concentrated on the horse, staring at the gelding until its image blurred. At last the horse looked up and swung its great neck slowly uphill, inquiring.

There were other things over which he had achieved control.

The house would need work. Switching his attention from the curious horse to the structure, he wished for a moment that he had been able to abide the presence of the two old Indians who puked their guts out nightly at the single bar in the cluster of buildings that passed for a village below. They would know. The tipi had begun to look aged, which was not at all disagreeable. The upper half had acquired the black coat of soot in a matter of weeks, but it had taken the rains of summer to mute and blend it so beautifully into the spidery maze of rivulets and starbursts that graced it now. It looked perfectly

authentic: but how well would the poles stand up with five feet of snow weighting down the canvas?

He had selected, cut and stripped the lodgepole pines himself, drying them during the past winter in preparation for his retreat, but he was still in doubt, had still asked this question every morning for the last week. Winter was approaching with unforeseen swiftness; his questions would soon need answers, or they would be answered by the unpredictable caprices of the winter itself.

When his body was dried he crouched, lithe and agile, and scurried in through the opening. Spreading his prayer rug over the dirty carpet of the tipi floor, he performed his yoga postures. Bhugangasana, upavistha asana, halasana. The Cobra, the Turtle, the Lion. When he had finished, he sat totally still for a moment, his eyes shut in repose.

The glow spread strongly from the pit of his stomach, breath soon passing in and out without his notice.

He jumped up abruptly, rolled his prayer mat carefully and put it neatly in its place. One could not avoid dirt living as he did, but the interior of the dwelling was a model of order and airy sanctity. The lodgepoles rose straight and pure to their axis in the opening above, their tops smokestained and discolored — a reminder, he always thought, of their reality. In the translucent glow of the interior, in the stillness of a summer afternoon he might meditate on the poles as symbols of spirit, the channels of kundalini rising to a mystic unity in the crown chakra of their confluence. But that was too easy; he was glad of those blackened tops, those constant reminders of material being, just as he was proud of the dirt that accumulated beneath his nails and the stark consciousness that accompanied the tense, crouching excrescence in the forest.

Pulling on a pair of baggy pants and a flannel shirt, he again left the tipi. Seating himself cross-legged on a small outcropping of granite, he faced the east, where the sun was but a dispersed area of light infusing the cloud cover on the horizon. Drawing the breath of fire slowly into his lungs, deeper, deeper, he was cocooned in warmth. The glow spread strongly from the pit of his stomach, breath soon passing in and out without his notice.

In the beginning, this exercise had made him dizzy with hyper-ventilation. Now it brought clarity and power and a self-sustaining calm.

The light breeze of morning riffled the few remaining leaves on the trees and swayed the conifer seedlings. Below him, the horse ambled along the perimeter of its tether, grazing. Distracted by the sound of its iron-shod hooves on rock, the man let his concentration pass without

regret. Struggle had no place here. He smiled at the distant chatter of a magpie.

There were very few of God's creatures who had chosen to remain on this hillside for the long sleep. Perhaps even the magpie would swoop down through the maze of ever-descending valleys to the more hospitable desert foothills in search of the death that sustained his life.

For the man, there was plenty of food, carefully calculated and stockpiled against the tempest. Sacks of grain lay within the protection of the lodge. Dried fruit and nuts enough for the whole winter had been carefully placed beyond the reach of the rodents, porcupines and racoons. He would be well fed; his body was in no danger.

The thought of food brought saliva to his mouth, another function over which he had not yet acquired control. Dismissing the desire from his mind, he tucked his legs more tightly beneath him, the toes curling over the tops of his thighs. Palms upward, he placed his hands upon his knees and straightened his back. Rolling his eyes inward, he began to count his breaths.

Gradually the glow in his forehead grew stronger and his breathing became shallow and even. His inner eye watched dispassionately the thoughts that drifted past like isolated blips on the smooth plane of an oscilloscope. At one time he had been amused when the thought "Now it's working!" had accompanied the profound sense of well-being that settled upon him, the laughter destroying the effect and forcing him to begin anew. Now he saw it as merely another thought to be eradicated, a silly amnesiac manifestation of the voracious monkey-mind that would not give up its hold, would not let itself be stilled.

The blips became less frequent, his breathing took on the perfect regularity of the unconscious, and he slipped into the realm whose entrance is the horizon where sea and sky meet. He was oblivious to the movements of the horse, to the curious approach and departure of a marmot, and to the brief flashes of sunlight that strayed between the layers of cloud.

.....
He had come in the early spring, while the snow still lay melting on the ground. He came astride his horse, like a pioneer, or more precisely, like an indian, his lodgepoles rigged behind as a travois carrying his spartan belongings. He spoke of himself as "an escapee," when he had anyone to talk to, and his sojourn in the woods had kept the earmarks of the studied retreat for months..

After two years even the prayer flags had frayed, but his hermitage flowered.

He had escaped from all the conventional things from which one escapes — a home in the suburbs and loving but exasperating parents, a grossly impersonal urban university and a political commune. The ski town provided a winter of respite, with its health and vitality and unconstrained looseness providing the impetus for a new direction. But



the world of skiing proved to be as unsatisfying for its hedonistic laxity as the political life had been shallow for its earnest materialism, and he moved on again to the desert spiritual community with its domed adobe buildings and pious spirit, its prayer flags waving bravely in the arid, sun-drenched sky.

After two years, even the prayer flags had frayed. A feeling of desperation set in, a plateau had been reached without further progress, and the hunger continued to gnaw like the weevils that decimated the communal garden. But his hermitage flowered. He had not seen another human being in the six weeks since he had last made the two day journey down the mountain to the village for provisions — a village of plodding ignorance and benighted savagery with which he had come to associate the entire human condition. In the attempt to transcend his own humanity, he welcomed the stillness as his solace, taking the energy he received in meditation as his nourishment. He had ceased to speak aloud even to his horse.

At eleven thousand feet, on a perfectly clear night in January, the temperature would descend to forty degrees below zero.

The approach of winter was, however, a barrier demanding confrontation. Isolation was easily dealt with during the warm months; one might walk when restless, meditate when troubled, if for no other reason, and lie like a lizard on a rock in the sun when in the gentle jaws of sloth. But now the garden was dead and the sun no longer lulled.

In the winter woods one needed snow-shoes just to defecate. With the lodge piled high with provisions, there could be no reason or excuse whatsoever to descend to the village — in any case a three day round trip on skis. It was a perfect opportunity to delve deeper into his own mind and spirit than he had ever conceived of going, a chance for full realization. Like the hermit lamas of Tibet, he would hole up in his canvas cave for six inescapable months of rigorous discipline in untracked, absolute wilderness.

More inescapable still were the very real dangers and the vast knowledge of the wilderness that he did not possess. With bears and coyotes and mountain lions he felt unable to contend but by the strength of his faith. "Yogis in the jungle need have no fear of tigers," he knew, but he was further encouraged by not having seen them during the summer.

The threat of avalanche was far more intimidating, as was the similar possibility of being literally buried alive in one of the legendary snow storms of the San Juans; even homes in the valley were built with second story doors. And could his health sustain the rigors of prolonged inactivity? Hard and lean and darkened by the sun, how would he appear when the snow began to melt?

Ultimately, and most inescapably, there was the absolute aloneness, the stark, unalterable contention with self and God. It was over this

that he longed and prayed for control; only time could yield an answer.

.....

A light, fine drizzle returned him to normal awareness from a place where it never rained. He wiped the water from his face and rose, chilled and hungry. Going inside, he slipped on a goose down vest and retrieved his food bag from its hook high above the reach of mice and gophers. He contemplated a fire as he squatted and ate his mixture of almonds, sunflower seeds and dried fruits, but looking at the painting of Milarepa in his icy cave that hung from a hook on a pole, he frowned and decided against it. One had to steel oneself against the chill, let the deity within kindle the sustaining flame.

At eleven thousand feet, on a perfectly clear night in January, the temperature would descend to forty degrees below zero. This was an inescapable reality.

There is a Tibetan meditative discipline that empowers a naked adept to seat himself in the snow at night and still maintain comfortable body temperature for an indefinite period of time. As a test of his proficiency in this discipline, a student must jump, fully clothed, into a river through a hole chopped in the ice. The measure of his development is the speed with which he is able, upon emerging from the water, to dry his clothing with his body heat. At other times, contests are held: the winner is the man capable of drying the greatest number of wet sheets wrapped successively about his body.

The man on the hillside was making progress, but he had not yet gained enough control over his own metabolic processes to attempt such feats of bravado. The thought of such extreme cold scared him — a fear he admitted freely to himself. Perhaps he was a fool to attempt his lone undertaking with such puny powers. But, one had to snarl in fear's face to overcome it; fear was a demon, the most powerful of demons, hovering about one, omnipresent, waiting.

When he had finished his meal, he felt strangely sluggish, as if his own body were beginning to adapt itself to the demands of nature's dormancy. In essence he welcomed this, knowing that there would be many days in the months to come when he would not venture beyond the twenty foot diameter of his hermitage, a confinement requiring the utmost serenity, patience, and equanimity. But before the arrival of winter there were many things to do, and one could not mend and chop and lift in such a depressed physical state. He reached out from his seat, then frowned and withdrew his arm. He sat, lethargic, for a minute, then began to smile at his own foolishness, his silly resistance to the simple desire for a hot cup of ginseng tea. How absurd! He hopped up from the floor in a single, swift flow and after fiddling with the valves, lit his tiny brass gasoline-vapor stove. He set a pot of water, poured from a gallon jug, on the flame to boil. Attachment to one's ability to resist desire was no better, certainly, and possibly worse than attachment to desires themselves.

His first taste of ginseng had been in the hut of a beautifully pregnant woman at the spiritual community, and as he watched the root swirling in the boiling water the memories of that time came upon him with unusual force. It was his custom now to cut his mind off from the past, to squelch the indulgence in reverie, but the pouring and sipping of the mild stimulant was an action so closely associated with a

certain frame of mind and specific a place that he was pleasantly overwhelmed. Holding the earthenware mug and gazing out of the entrance at the drizzle, he was suddenly aware of his own moment in time. He smiled involuntarily at the thought. Today was the equinox, the autumn solstice, a date of which he was not normally conscious and which had no particular meaning for him except in the context of his life at the community. How strange that he should still be aware of a numerical date!

The spiritual community was a very tolerant, eclectic place, believing in the unity of all religions. The members were all extremely varied as individuals, but whether they were Buddhists, Hindus or Christians or Sufis, they all celebrated the great Druidic festival of the harvest that traditionally occurred on the day of the autumn solstice. The solstice was a cultural purist's Thanksgiving, a time for great outpouring of joy at the blessing of the harvest, a rejoicing in mating and music and the Dionysian thud of peasant dancers' feet, an orgiastic dance of life.

The people at the community kept to that pagan tradition, honoring the raw life force, balancing the ascetic routines of their daily lives with the annual, totally uninhibited rite of rejuvenation. An amplified rock band would play with the aid of a generator truck, as there was no electricity at the community, but the real electricity would come from the slow chewing of bitter peyote and mushrooms, a communion feast washed down with free-flowing quantities of homemade wine. It was a contemporary pagan rite as elemental and close to the root of all culture as anything the Druids had ever conceived.

He smiled at the memory, but at the same time he felt sharply unsettled, off-balance. It had been months since he had discovered his mind conjuring the faces of past friends and places, and the images of the community were particularly sweet; it was unsettling for its vivid proximity in time, a pleasant, beautiful hindrance.

At first he had found it difficult to forego the sharing of joys and troubles with others, to foresake the spark of love seen in another's eyes, to renounce the ecstasy of the drug-illuminated mind and the musky smell of a lover's body. And now, from the perspective of the hillside, it was not easy to recall how those things had paled and been left behind in the search for a still more perfect bliss, in the waiting and working toward total peace and true enlightenment.

Yet, as his blood quickened with the mild effect of the tea, the images would not let themselves be banished as before. With harsh dispassion he examined them, vowing to conquer his loneliness even in the face of the memories of Sufi dancing, kirtan and the joyous bed. Was she still there? he wondered, but the vision was painful, and he detached himself from the resurgent spark of passion.

The true road was the negative way, the way of renunciation into a world where there could no longer be any space for the love and human contact of that other world. Perhaps when he had purged himself of his attachments and desires he might again be fit for the community of man, but for now there could be only self and God — in that relationship alone there was enough complication to make life occasionally a burden. He had not yet achieved union with that Divine source, but he was without doubt that God's spirit and energy were omnipresent, that

through his own efforts, his solitude and his Gnostic wisdom he would eventually come to God.

Consideration of the village below brought him relief whenever he wavered; the thought of the miners and cowboys and their hair-curlered wives chattering their idle nonsense and scattering their energies into cars and trinkets like chaff to the wind, was sobering. He would have none of their petty concerns and darkness. He would not become another hippie casualty, nor would he emulate the drunken idiocy of indians cast adrift. For him there would be only infinite light and power.

For a moment he was overwhelmed with a doubt that burned in his stomach like an ulcer, a doubt that perched on his shoulder like a demon...

Yet now, listening to the sound of the water outside drumming on the canvas, his exhortations to himself rang false and failed to strengthen his resolve; it was as if they were falling upon a void, a self-induced lie, and he felt forsaken. For a moment he was overwhelmed with a doubt that burned in his stomach like an ulcer, a doubt that perched on his shoulder like a demon, whispering in his ear that all was in vain, that his own self-righteous ambition had led him into a dead end, that in his own heart there dwelt no deity at all, but only a Satanically twisted misanthropy that had led nowhere but to this hillside, this drizzle, this aching emptiness, this moment.

A deep sigh escaped him without his notice; he set down the cup, rubbed his eyes and ran his fingers through his beard. The voice passed, but the trembling uncertainty remained, a deep-seated uneasiness for which he knew no relief. Shaken, he assumed the lotus position and prayed for comfort, but was unable to focus his mind on appropriate words of supplication. He tried to count his breaths, but the numbers failed to materialize. The plane of the oscilloscope was jagged and clouded with static.

Jumping up once again, he peered out through the door of the tipi — the entire hillside now lay enveloped in cold, misty cloud that drifted like smoke through the firs and aspens. He sighed once again and frowned, and then chuckling aloud as if at some inner, deeply private joke, he stood and took down his poncho from its peg. Crowning himself with a crushed old Stetson, he picked up his double-edged axe from its place by the fire-pit. Crouching, he duck-walked to the entrance and emerged, one shoulder at a time through the narrow, tight oval into the morning rain.

It felt better to be chopping, splitting the dead-stand sections he had felled himself, warm beneath the poncho. The chill damp mingled with the sweat on his temples. With every swing of the axe he drove the anxiety out of his mind and deeper into his bones and muscles, the crack and thud of the blade in dry wood filling his head. With each stroke he was strengthening and solidifying his exile, ensuring his

survival, losing track of time.

Slowly the images died away — the woman's face dissolved, the happy men ceased to irrigate the garden, the smells and laughter of the communal kitchen evaporated in the steadying of the wood and the precise placement of the blade.

It was only when he noticed that the rain had turned to snow and was beginning to accumulate on the grass that he relented, leaning with trembling arms on the axe handle. The snow fell luxuriantly, thick and heavy, and he felt it growing colder. He looked down the hillside at his horse, who looked in turn at him, blinking the snowflakes from its eyes. For one intense moment he stared ferociously up into the blinding snow, and then with short, tense snorts for breath, he continued to wield his axe.

The snow fell luxuriantly, thick and heavy, and he felt it growing colder.

Southern Oregon Arts Events

November

- 1 Medora Nankervis exhibit featuring latest paintings and Kenneth Barron featuring photography will be showing through November 11 at Gallery One, 232 S.W. 6th Street in Grants Pass.

Annual Christmas Shop at the Rogue Gallery featuring Christmas ornaments and a wide assortment of gifts. November 1-4 at 40 South Bartlett in Medford.

Nov. 1-17th Grayson Mathews Art Show in the Union Art Gallery S.O.S.C.

Medford Public Library will have pre-school story hours every Tuesday morning from 10:00 a.m. until 11:00 a.m.

November, ---

Ashland Library will have pre-school story hours every Tuesday morning from 10:00 a.m. until 11:00 a.m.

2 Ashland Library will have pre-school story hours every Wednesday morning at 10:00 a.m.

3 Ashland Folk Dancers host dancing at 59 Winburn Way. Beginners sessions start at 7:30 p.m. Everyone welcome.

Jazmin's presents "Blithe Spirit," a play by Noel Coward. Dinner reservations accepted for both November 3 & 4, at 9:30 p.m. For more information call 488-0883.

4 Oregon Caves and Coast trip sponsored by the Outdoors Program, S.O.S.C. For reservations call 482-6470.

Jam Session: Bluegrass & Old-time music; 1 p.m. Cripple Creek Music, 237 E. Pine, Central Point.

5 Ashland Film Society presents "Ashes and Diamonds," directed by Andre Wajada. 24 hours in the life of a man assigned to kill a Communist Party leader after World War II. 6:00 & 8:00 p.m. at 59 Winburn Way in Ashland.

Jazmin's presents "The American Conservatory Dance Company" in concert. One performance only at 9:30 p.m. For reservations call 488-0883.

6 Paolo Soleri Architectural Exhibit in the Stevenson Union Gallery, S.O.S.C.

Rogue Gallery presents Marilyn Briggs' soft sculpture, November 6-30th. Public opening November 12 from 4:00-6:00 p.m. There will also be a free workshop with Marilyn Briggs November 18. Call 772-8118 for reservations.

7 Election Day.

Ashland Folk Dancers host dancing at 59 Winburn Way. Beginners sessions start at 7:30 p.m. Everyone welcome.

11 Jam Session: Bluegrass & Old-time music; 1 p.m. Cripple Creek Music 237 E. Pine, Central Point.

Jazmin's presents Bernice Regan in Concert. A modern gospel singer from "Sweet Honey and the Rock." Show begins at 9:30 p.m.

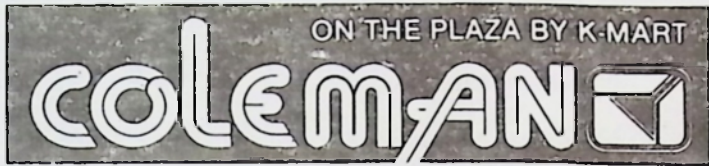
November

- 12 The Ashland Film Society presents "The Gunfighter" starring Gregory Peck. 6:00 & 8:00 p.m. at 59 Winburn Way, Ashland.
- 14 Pat Converse exhibit featuring latest paintings, Paula Levine featuring mixed media and Charles Hill exhibit featuring metal sculpture November 14 - December 2 at Gallery One, 232 S.W. 6th Street in Grants Pass.
- 16 Brass Choir Concert in the Music Recital Hall, MU 114 at 8:00 p.m., S.O.S.C.
- 17 Ashland Folk Dancers host dancing at 59 Winburn Way. Beginners sessions start at 7:30 p.m.
- November 17 & 18 Jazmin's presents Patti McCoy in concert, appearing with Dave Friesen, John Stowell and Ronnie Steen. Concert begins at 9:30 p.m.
- 18 Saturday Jam Session. Bluegrass and Old-time music at 1 p.m. Cripple Creek Music 237 E. Pine, Central Point.
- The Oregon Dance Company will perform at 8:00 p.m. in the S.O.S.C. Music Recital Hall, MU 114.
- Free workshop with Marilyn Briggs on soft sculpture, for adults and children. Call Rogue Gallery, 772-8118 for reservations. Need supplies.
- Ashland Film Society presents "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning." 6:00 & 8:00 p.m. at 59 Winburn Way, Ashland.
- 19 Film "Heroes" at 7:00 & 9:00 p.m. Britt Ballroom, S.O.S.C.
- 21 Jazz Concert at 8:00 p.m. in the Music Recital Hall (MU 114), S.O.S.C.
- 23 Thanksgiving
- 24 Friday night folk dancing at 59 Winburn Way. Beginners sessions start at 7:30 p.m. Everyone welcome.
- 26 Ashland Film Society presents "Tokyo Olympia," a documentary on the 1964 Olympics. 6:00 & 8:00 p.m. at 59 Winburn Way, Ashland.
- 28 Alfonso and Siri Montecino in concert at 8:00 p.m., Music Recital Hall, S.O.S.C.
- 30 Symphonic Wind Ensemble Concert at 8:00 p.m., Music Recital Hall, S.O.S.C.



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Rogue Valley Galleries and Exhibitions

CASA DEL SOL: 82 N. Main, Ashland. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday-Saturday. Original oils, watercolors, wood sculpture.

CASCADE WILDLIFE GALLERY: In Orchard Lane, 40 N. Main, Ashland. 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday-Saturday. Original oils, water colors, wood sculpture.

GALLERY ONE: 232 S.W. Sixth St., Grants Pass, (above Kauffman's Men's Store). Noon to 5 p.m. Tuesday thru Saturday. Fabric art, oils, watercolors, ceramics.

GRAPEVINE GALLERY - WITTEVEEN STUDIO: 305 N. Oregon St., Jacksonville. Noon to 5 p.m. Tuesday-Saturday. Original oils.

HIGHER GROUND STUDIO: 175 W. California St., Jacksonville. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily, noon to 4 p.m. Sunday.

LAMPLIGHT GALLERY: 165 E. California St., Jacksonville. Hours of convenience. Original oils, charcoals.

MAINSTREET DESIGN: 411 E. Main St., Medford. 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Wednesday to Saturday. Collages, targets, air-brush works.

SOUTHERN OREGON POTTERY & SUPPLY: 1300 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Barnett Rd., Medford. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday-Saturday. Original pottery.

PAULSEN HOUSE: 1 W. 6th St., Medford. 9:30 to 5:30 p.m. Monday-Saturday. Original oils, watercolors.

PIJON SOUTH: 225 W. Main St., Medford. 11:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Tuesday-Saturday. Fine graphics.

ROGUE'S BOUNTY: 21377 Oregon 62, Shady Cove. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. daily. Original oils, weaving, pottery.

ROGUE GALLERY: 40 S. Bartlett, Medford. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday-Saturday. Original oils, watercolors, prints and ceramics.

SHARON WESNER STUDIO-GALLERY: 160 E. California St., Jacksonville. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily, noon-4 p.m. Sunday. Original oils, watercolors, acrylics.

SOUTHERN OREGON STATE COLLEGE: Ashland. Art exhibit on the 3rd floor of the Stevenson Union Building. Rotating exhibit.

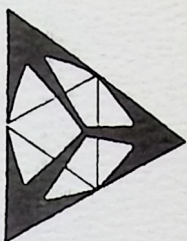
SOUTHERN OREGON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS: Paintings selected by critiques conducted by featured artists are placed in the Society's rotating galleries; Crater National Bank, Medford; Stanleys Resturant; The Oregon Bank, Medford Shopping Center.

VILLAGE GALLERY: 130 W. California St., Jacksonville. 10:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tuesday-Saturday, noon to 4 p.m. Sunday. Metal sculpture, original oils, pottery and acrylics.

CONTRIBUTORS

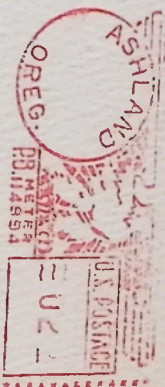
John Dowling, James Otey and John Stafford are all staff writers for this magazine.

Ted Barr is an Ashland troubadour well known to Vintage Inn audiences; **Jeannie Linn** works as a dispatcher for the Ashland Police Department; **Judy Davidson** is a KSOR GUIDE staffer who also compiles the monthly Arts Calendar.



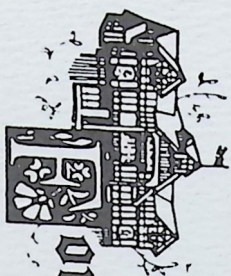
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